

OPEN WIDE, IT'S

# THE OMEN

VOLUME 57, ISSUE 1

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### Staff Box: (In order of appearance)

Leo: CUM

Jay: JIZZ

Peter: Hampshire's assets

Teddy: Coyote piss

BC: Lean

Jacqueline-Delphine: Mommy's milk

Willow: Yoo-hoo

Sean: Vitamin ABCDEFG juice

Zanzy: Brine

Connor: Nickelodeon Gak or Vaseline

Kodiak: Seltzer

Aidan: Moisturizing cream

Nicholas: Shampoo

Maria: Mole juice

Ronan: Snail slime

Jordan: McDonald's Sprite

Front Cover: Jay Poggi

Back Cover: Jay Poggi and Leo Zhang

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in any format (no PDFs please) by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to [omen@hampshire.edu](mailto:omen@hampshire.edu), the Omen Office, Leo's mailbox (1593), or Jay's mailbox (0370).

## Policy

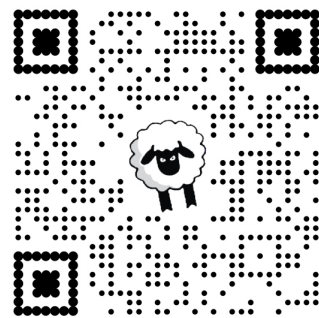
The Omen is an every-other-week-ly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that break neither the law nor the [Hampshire College Student Handbook](#). Send your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fanfiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry to [omen@hampshire.edu](mailto:omen@hampshire.edu); we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which take place every other Friday at 7:00 p.m. in the basement of Merrill A. You should come and answer the staff box question. We don't bite. You can find the Omen every other Monday in Saga, the post office, online at [expelallo.men](http://expelallo.men), and just about any other place we can find to put it.

Find all issues here!



THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

**Views in the Omen (5)**

**Do not necessarily (7)**

**Reflect the staff's views (5)**



## EDITORIAL

# \*cutely drops a dead animal at your feet\*

by Leo Zhang and Jay Poggi

By unpopular demand, we're back.

For three long months, we ignored your hungry cries. Week after week, you begged for us to give you something, anything, to fill the sheep-shaped hole in your hearts. We didn't. We were sleepy.

We're still sleepy. But duty calls.

So here we are again. Hi. Hello. This is *The Omen* you're reading. The first issue of Volume 57 of *The Omen*, in fact. We really hope you know what *The Omen* is, and that's why you picked this up, but in case you don't, here's our spiel. (You could just read that column of text on the inside cover next to the big bold **Policy**, but why would you?)

*The Omen* is a twice-a-month-ly student-run publication whose purpose is to be a sort of soapbox for Hampshire's students, staff, faculty, and alums, should they need or desire one. Our only rules: 1) Sign your submissions with the name you use on campus, and 2) Don't break the law or the regulations outlined in the Student Handbook. That's it! So that means *The Omen* is just a cesspool of all kinds of content. Personal ads, non-personal ads, fiction writing, memes, campus happenings, some (so much fucking) smut, and a bunch of other things! And that means that you (yes, you) can submit anything you want, as long as it follows our two (2) rules.

Now, you may be wondering, *who are these fucking clowns talking to me?* Well, we're the editors of *The Omen*. The role of the editor is hard to explain, but imagine us as catboys who disappear for days before reappearing to drop a carcass at your feet, except the carcass is 32-40 pages of submissions from members of the Hampshire Community. The thing is, we're only editors for approximately 5 hours a week. The rest of the time, we're Leo and Jay:



I'm Leo (pronounced like ley-o, not lee-o—look up the song LEO by Eve if you want to understand (yes this is shameless plugging (I like Eve))) and my pronouns are they/them! I'm in my first semester of Div II and have no idea what I'm doing, ever. I like my OCs a lot (too much) and I'm freakishly passionate about character studies. Unsurprisingly, I'm studying storytelling. As a writer, *The Omen* has been a space for me to dump my weird thoughts when I have no other place to dump them in (these word dumps were aptly called "Leodumps" by Jay one (1) time and then the name stuck), and I've always found that really cool, because my RA last year (if you're reading this, hi, let's get lunch sometime) and my professors alike have remarked to me that they read my Leodumps in *The Omen* and thought they were neat. As a person, I am: built like a Sailor Moon character, very easily excitable when it comes to matters of tea (the actual drink, yes), chronically online, obsessed with Tsuyuki Asano, and in love with the moon. However, most importantly, I am: sleepy.



I'm Jay (he/they). I wrote a long, weird thing comparing *The Omen* to a “goo fountain” in the first draft of this thing before Leo let me know it probably wasn't the best idea. I'm studying music, the Japanese language, and game design (raise your hand if you also came to this school thinking it had a game design department). I like frogs so much I can't so much as think about them without screaming, and I have chronic hiccups that those in my vicinity often mistake for dogs, birds, and a variety of other critters. In the past, I've used *The Omen* to publish a couple personal essays about perfectionism that I'm pretty proud of, as well as a speculative fiction short story about a pair of worms that I'm even prouder of. This year, I hope to publish some dev logs about the games I'm making, along with the usual barrage of thought-gunk from my mind-swamp.

If you'd like to put your 2-dimensional anything where everyone else *will* see it, send it to [omen@hampshire.edu](mailto:omen@hampshire.edu). Any file format works (except PDF). If you'd like to lend a hand, foot, or other non-phallic appendage in determining how exactly we transmute these offerings into something resembling the thing you're holding right now, join us in the Merrill A basement every other Friday at 7:00 for Omen Layout. Talk to us. Read our back issues. Touch our dildo (it has never been used [as far as we know {it hasn't, we promise}]). Message us, email us, or use some other form of contact (like Discord) to be let in to Merrill if you don't have access. —> <https://tinyurl.com/omendiscord> <— that's the Discord.

In summary:

1. intro
  - a. hey miku, it's [your guys]
2. spiel
  - b. the omen is a dead rat (and we're catboys :3)
3. us
  - c. we're
  - d. some guys
4. SUBMIT
5. bye

So, as we are now on Step 5: bye. 🐑

# SECTION SPEAK

a call to attention!!

by Willow Watson

i'm truly in awe of the omen. as unrefined & thrown together as it might be, & as little as it may directly impact the culture here at hampshire, it's just wonderful to me that you can look back in time & see what other students felt like expressing back as early as 1993. now of course i'm sure this publication isn't the only place you could get that experience, but it is by far the most condensed & accessible version of it that i've been able to find, & as such i've really fallen head-over-heels with the idea of it. to be able to go into the archives & find editorials for & against the newly-constructed Yurt<sup>1</sup>, or to read about people comparing it to similar projects which have been completely forgotten today, is such a pleasure & a gift that i'm honestly disappointed that everyone else doesn't share the same interest. i know i shouldn't be surprised, seeing as i came to this campus partially for the diversity of perspective offered here, but really i had expected a little more like-mindedness when it comes to excitement over the anarchy of this "newsmagazine." so! as a call to all those people to whom i feel i actually can relate (whether they be reading in the present or future), i humble myself before you & beg for your attention in the way that would work best on me.

i'll start off by saying i'm a div i student, & as the rare div i student that actually attended nearly every orientation event, i have recently had to introduce myself in a stunning variety of ways (my favorite being the question "what if you could. what would happen?"<sup>2</sup>). while i feel only marginally more prepared to deal with the next few years of my education, i can at least say that orientation has helped me with meeting new people, & i now know well what's expected of me. therefore i know to begin with my name (willow watson) & pronouns (she/her), which is a stark contrast to how it was done in my hometown (toms river, nj<sup>3</sup>). i'm a transgender eagle scout, with a strong sense of pride in her taste in humor & music. i don't know what i'm studying yet (*why do people know what they're studying yet*) but i'm having a great time figuring it out, & in the meantime i'm staying curious about everything. i think i'm going to be involved in various groups on campus (the omen, mixed nuts, & opra being foremost among them), & i'm always interested in watching movies with just about anyone. i love one piece, my favorite animal is a penguin<sup>4</sup>, i speak esperanto, i don't know my blood type, my address is the same as almost any other student here, & i'm not willing to share my bank information. most important here, however, is that i am very interested in being a part of something bigger than myself, & contributing to it in a significant way. contrary to what i said before, i'm not really that interested in other people's attention (if i was, i wouldn't be writing for the omen), & i think really i am more excited by the possibility of adding to something, carrying the torch & helping to get other people involved. this publication is an institution in my eyes, & i am honored to have the chance to bring something to it. if anyone out there feels the same, i must beg you (begging again) to please submit to the omen, even if it's just an introduction like this. i want to be able to get to know the people on campus, especially the kinds of people who would publish in something like this, & i hope they feel the same. 🙏

1 the "hurt the Yurt extravaganza"; volume 4 issue 6, october 28th 1994

2 why do they call it oven when you of in the cold food of out hot eat the food

3 for all the environmental toxicologists out there: yes, this is the toms river you're thinking of

4 his name is ice cold\



by Rachel Kremer

Hi all! My name is Rachel Kremer (she/her) and I am the Assistant Director of Student Engagement here at Hampshire College where I get to support amazing student groups like The Omen. I started Turnip with Rachel when I was in college. I was on SNAP, I was busy, I meal prepped breakfast, lunch and dinner, and my friends were asking for tips and how I did it. While I am no longer a college student, I am lucky to be around them every day, and I am still super passionate about cooking and saving money! I hope Turnip with Rachel encourages you to try something new, helps you nourish your body and hopefully helps things feel a little more affordable. If you ever want to talk more about cooking or have things you would like to read, please feel free to reach out to me at [rkremer@hampshire.edu](mailto:rkremer@hampshire.edu)!

### **Tip: Spicing Up Your Spices**

Food is expensive and having all the spices you need can really add up. Here are some tips on building up your spices!

Check out the Dollar Store. While it may now be the \$1.25 store, it is still an affordable option for building your supply.

Fun blends are worth your money. A lot of times Pinterest moms tell us that it is cheaper and healthier to make our own blends like taco seasoning, but it is hard to spend up front on all the spices you need to make the blend. Places like Trader Joe's have fun blends ranging from \$2-4. These blends are a great way to throw together a quick dinner of sheet pan chicken and broccoli.

Buying in bulk can save you a lot of money. As a college student you don't need a pound of cinnamon, right? If you are going to a store that sells by the pound, you only need to buy what you want, which may end up being only fifty cents worth of cinnamon.

Buy as you need! Do not feel like you need to go out and get every single spice at the same time. As you come across a recipe that needs a new spice, grab it. Things will feel a lot more manageable in increments.

### **Simple Lunch: Pita Pizzas**

This is one of my favorite quick, easy and cheap lunches! You can use up extra veggies as toppings, switch out the sauce, or just keep it basic.

Ingredients:

- Pitas - *any size*
- Jar red sauce - *I find it cheaper to buy pasta sauce rather than pizza sauce and it tastes the same!*
- Shredded cheese
- Italian seasoning - *optional*

Directions:

- Put your pita on a cookie sheet and spoon red sauce on
- Top with cheese (and option other toppings) and Italian seasoning
- Put in the oven under low broil for about 5 minutes. *When using the broil setting on the oven, keep the door slightly open and light on. Things can burn quickly so don't walk away!*

**Quick Dinner: Sheet Pan Dinner**

I love a sheet pan dinner. Barely any dishes, but all the flavor. Think of this recipe as a super basic base, but know that you can truly throw whatever into these and it will likely come together. Note that a majority of these veggies can be grabbed with your CSA if you're living in a mod!

Ingredients:

- One kielbasa or packaged of chicken sausage - any fully cooked sausage - sliced
- 2 carrots - chopped
- One head of broccoli - chopped
- One zucchini - chopped
- One potato - diced
- One onion - diced
- One bell pepper - diced
- 2 cloves of garlic - minced (or 2 tsp minced garlic or just sprinkle a lot of garlic powder)
- Salt and pepper
- Italian seasoning
- Olive oil

Directions

- Preheat your oven to 400 and cover cookie sheet with aluminum foil. If you have small cookie sheets, you may want two. Your veggies will get better roasted if they have some room to breathe.
- Do all your chopping. The goal here is similar sized pieces, just so things will cook about at the same time, but you truly cannot mess up here. Just don't put a full potato on the sheet and things will end up okay.
- Put everything on the pan, drizzle with olive oil, give a nice sprinkle of your spices (maybe about a tsp of salt and pepper and a tbsp of Italian seasoning but I say follow your heart here).
- Give everything a good mix and bake for 25 minutes. The potatoes and carrots are going to be what takes the longest here, so if you poke them with a fork and they are 'fork tender' which means it feels like what a cooked veggie should, then you are good to take it out. Nothing in this recipe will make you sick if it isn't cooked all the way! 🐻



# SIGNERS NEEDED for the Growing Farmers Collective

by Peter Lampropoulos

Are YOU interested in all things **agricultural**? Consider becoming a signer for the temporarily-defunct Growing Farmer's Collective! The group exists to facilitate activity between campus and the college farm, among *other things*.

In my opinion, everything about the group is malleable at this stage in its existence, from its name to its precise mission. I simply want to keep a group going that brings together students who are passionate about agriculture or want to learn more about it and *ch,shuf*:3

If you're interested and want to find out more, you can email me (Peter) at [pl21@hampshire.edu](mailto:pl21@hampshire.edu). I only need 2 more signers, but I welcome any additional help to get this group back on its feet.

# YEE! :3





# On Love in *Everything Everywhere All at Once* (please watch it)

by Leo Zhang

**IF YOU WANT TO WATCH *EVERYTHING EVERYWHERE ALL AT ONCE* COMPLETELY BLIND, DO NOT READ THIS ARTICLE. I AM GOING TO TRY MY BEST TO NOT GO INTO ANY SPOILERS BUT IF YOU’VE NEVER WATCHED THE FILM AND YOU WANT TO DO SO, THIS MIGHT BE A LITTLE BIT SPOILERY. BE WARNED.**

At the beginning of summer, I received a text in my family group chat from my sister—aptly named “wombmate” in my phone—five years older than me and relatively more put together than me. She said, “when will you go see everything everywhere all at once?” My father replied with, “What’s everything and where”.

I had heard about *Everything Everywhere All at Once* before, mostly in passing and without any real idea of what it was about. I knew it was supposed to be a “superhero” movie of sorts, and I’ll be honest, those aren’t really my thing. I figured there wouldn’t be any harm in not watching the movie and then not telling my sister that I didn’t watch the movie, but then my friend Neil asked me if he could show it to me someday, and I kind of caved. He told me it would probably trigger my American-born Chinese (or ABC) trauma and I was intrigued.

It took an embarrassingly long amount of time for us to get around to watching it, but I was almost immediately hooked, if only because the representation of Chinese immigrant “Chinglish” was so damn funny and so *painfully* accurate that I immediately felt a kinship with the characters that I haven’t really found in modern media before. The Chinese-American, and specifically ABC experience is not something I recognize a lot in the media I consume, especially not in the distinct, painful way I experience it myself.

To give a brief, spoiler-free overview of the film, Evelyn is a Chinese immigrant (probably in her late 40s) running a laundromat with her husband out of the small space under their apartment. She’s in trouble with her IRS agent. She’s stuck in the Chinese immigrant mom mindset of chastising her daughter Joy in many ways—if not directly, then through passive aggressive remarks about her choices that could read as backhanded compliments, or something she’s bringing up “just out of concern.” And she is *tired*. Her life is completely unfulfilling in every sense. Evelyn, against her will, then gets swept up in a sci-fi adventure, complete with multiverse travel and a threat to the safety of the universe. She is the only one who can stop the destruction of the universe as she knows it.

When I tell you this film changed my life, I’m not exaggerating in the slightest. Not only is the non-fantastical element of it entirely too similar to my own life (even though my parents don’t run a laundromat, and we’re not in trouble with our taxes, and my mom has never given me any jabs for being bi), but its message is one that strikes so deeply close to home that I cried partially out of pure shock that there’s even a film *out there* that appeals so strongly to my own philosophies.

This is where I’ll put another warning for possible EEAAO spoilers. I’m going to be talking about some of the themes of the movie so if you don’t want to know ANYTHING besides what’s shown in the trailer, you should probably leave this article now.

I’ll give you a little longer.

...

...

...Okay, if you're still here and you get spoiled and you get upset about it, I'm literally not responsible. Moving on.

Maybe EEAAO was so refreshing to me because it was a superhero movie in which the main message is one of love, not violence. There was some of what I can assume to be "gratuitous" action, sure—Michelle Yeoh's kung fu prowess can't just not be used when she's in a movie—but a lot of the action was a physical manifestation of love, rather than a way to defeat the bad guys. And that's really cool. I *love* love. Anyone who's close with me and anyone who's ever read my creative writing will know that. So seeing that EEAAO's message was ultimately to love others, and to love them without any expectation of repayment, was really, really nice. I've never played Undertale, so *Everything Everywhere All at Once* was the first media I'd experienced in a while, or possibly ever, in which love is seen as a way to fight.

And it is. Love is a form of resistance and a way to fight against that which harms. Not the *only* way, mind—I'm not saying that. Sometimes, it's not enough. But it is *my* preferred method of resistance, because I can't do much else.

To love people, to love things, and to love yourself is hard. It is so fucking hard. In *Everything Everywhere All at Once*, Evelyn is able to overcome the forces that threaten her and her family, both mundane and supernatural, through love. Love is not something that comes naturally to her. But she learns, mostly through her husband—Waymond, a charming, sweet man with a kind of childlike innocence and simultaneously a deep, nuanced view of the world—and ultimately her love is her most powerful weapon. And she learns, too, that sometimes love does not look like gentleness. Sometimes love can be play; it can be turning away; it can be sexual gratification or grief or letting go. It can be yelling at your parents, asking why the hell they didn't do more for you. Love can lead to these things, and similarly can be born of them. And, at the end of it all, Evelyn's love is healing. It at least starts the process—the long, arduous, manual process of healing herself from the wounds she has both endured and inflicted.

"Real life doesn't work like that." I know it doesn't. "Real life" is far too complex and we haven't yet gotten to a point scientifically where dimension hopping is A Thing, much less A Thing that can be settled through being kind and loving others. But it's nice to imagine that it could possibly be that way in the far, far future.

*Everything Everywhere All at Once* is a superhero movie in the most mundane of ways. The main antagonist is not someone who is irreparably evil, but rather in so much pain that there's no way for that pain to manifest itself other than as violence, apathy, and cynicism. Evelyn is a superhero not because she defeats the villain, but because she understands them—if not entirely, then at least a little better than she ever thought she would. She is a superhero in the way my own mother is a superhero, juggling taxes on top of taking care of parents on top of painting the ceiling and not having enough time and raising a child who's so far removed from their culture that they may as well just be white. That, I think, is what this film has to offer: a superhero movie in which the hero is so painfully normal, motivated by such painfully common things—I don't want to pay more than I have to, I want my daughter to be safe—that it's difficult to not find Evelyn a sympathetic character, as flawed as she is. She doesn't have lofty goals of saving the world and *being* a hero. All she wants to do is keep her family safe, and if she has to save the world to be able to do that, then that's what she'll do.

And this article barely even touches on some of the other things about the film that I hold very closely to my heart. The topic of generational trauma, the specificity in the ABC experience (and specifically the complicated and messy dynamic between ABC AFAB people and their immigrant mothers), the concept of learning to be satisfied with how your life is now, or to at least hold hope that it will get better—all of these are things that EEAAO tackles deftly and with both compassion and realism.

Not to mention the stunning cinematography and film choices made by the directors, the Daniels, as well as the film score and the actors' wonderful performances and the *humor*. My god, this movie is *funny*. It's funny, it's upsetting, it brain-fucks you beyond belief and part of the fun is learning to let go of preconceptions and to just go with it. In a way, the film itself forces the viewer to go on the same journey as Evelyn—you, the viewer, and Evelyn both try so hard to understand what's going on in the beginning, to make some sense of the chaos, but over the course of the movie you learn to stop thinking so hard, and to just let whatever happens happen. The inscrutable starts to make sense. The ridiculous becomes sentimental. And the process is beautiful visually, musically, ideologically.

I really love this film. I love *Everything Everywhere All at Once*. I could watch it again and again and I would be able to find something new to appreciate about it every time. So if you've never watched it, I highly, *highly* recommend you do, because it is an *experience*. If you need any more reason to watch it, here's a list of things that hopefully pique your interest:

- There's a running motif of Clair de Lune being used in the score, and many times it appears as a choral rendition

- I cried over rocks

- I cried over googly eyes

- Jamie Lee Curtis goes hard on her performance

- I cried over an obviously fake raccoon puppet called Raccacoonie

- Hot dog fingers

- I'm pretty sure the VFX team was, like, five people, none of whom have any kind of degree in film editing, and they did a lot of their editing work over Zoom together when COVID started being a thing

- I cried over an everything bagel and you might too

I hope this gets someone to watch the film. I hope that someone out there on Hampshire campus watches EEAAO and gets the same kind of emotional fulfillment out of it as I did, and appreciates it as much as I do.

(Please contact me if you want to talk about it. I love talking about it.) 🐑

# **CONTENT WARNING FOR ARTWORK ON FOLLOWING 2-PAGE SPREAD: EYE CONTACT EYE INJURY(?) STYLIZED BODY HORROR**



# Matching Energy of Apathetic Consumers

by Jacqueline-Delphine Laffitte

I instructed myself how to play the piano starting at ten. Due to a lack of support from my parents, and the financial constraints I had growing up, I concluded that I will never be a proficient classical pianist. Bach is a foreign language to me, and as a result, I compose my music. I had the goal to combine aspects of baroque, late romantic, and turn-of-the-century music with contemporary songwriting. In my first musical endeavor, an album titled “Eclectica,” I created an intertwining of electronica and classical music, and in my second album “light in a dark room”, I went through a minimalist piano atonal sound inspired by Erik Satie and Amy Beach. Both of those albums despite being recorded on Garageband (due to classism people would say it is awful, but I believe Garageband is an amazing user-friendly software) and in times of emotional and financial instability recorded two solid projects. The recording quality was very good for my experience level and the songs were not objectionably bad unless you have a distaste for atonic music. The rollout of my second project will haunt me forever.

People suggested that I perform live, and I spent over \$500.00 putting together an event venue, at a church with amazing acoustics that only one person went to. When I leaked a video of the performance online people had the audacity to ask when my other show was even though I was practically broke because a group of people decided that they had other priorities though they claimed they would attend. People complain that music isn’t creative enough these days, but at the same time don’t support independent artists who tend to stray away from the mainstream for the sake of artistic integrity. What makes this dilemma more challenging for me is the instrumental scene is dominated by men.

There is no representation of trans-woman composers I know of. If there is a semi-famous person who fits in my shoes they must be very obscure then. “There is no ethical consumption under capitalism,” is the most intellectually incompetent toned death thing to say to a musician. Musical preferences are personal decisions so consumers are the ones prioritizing famous mediocre musicians who have the writing abilities of a daft canary, over competent musicians. Due to family and friends doing less than the bare minimum in supporting my art I decided to forgo recording quality altogether and focused on what made me an artist. I had two recording sessions in a Hampshire College piano booth and recorded thirty-two songs on a phone all of them made on the spot and improvised. (The upcoming album futures twenty-one of those pieces and five interludes for the pentacle structure of the album) I want people to hear what a natural sound is, my fingernails clicking on the piano, the air circulation, the buzz of the high notes like a fire burning, and my deep breathing if that is picked up on the microphone. We all are too used to robotic unnatural sounds, all mainstream music is over-processed. If consumers fail to support what I do then I will give out selfish energy back out to them.

I explored the five spiritual currents and used the piano as a therapist. The title of the project is “the illusion of time goes round and by, up until the day you die, and the eye is more shrewd, than the nails that crucify you!” This is the first time I recorded music for myself and not for the validation of others. When consumers take accountability and show the slightest bit of respect and non-classism to independent artists, then I will reciprocate that energy.



# Heres a Comic Book I Made :)

by Casper Binnett

I spent all summer in sweltering, boring Texas, and I poured hundreds of hours into making a fully colored, illustrated comic book issue. Of all the projects ive ever done.... This sure was one of them. Want a free Comic Book? Read it free here!

<https://issuu.com/casperbinnett/docs/ggv1.2>







And major thanks to my friends for helping make it happen. It was a great surprise gift, and I think it turned out great. It wouldn't have been possible without everybody's help. (No seriously, I would've died if I worked any more possible hours on it then I already was, without that support) and I can confidently say that I learned a lot, and maybe comic making is in my future. (But maybe next time I choose a less ambitious vision and a more reasonable time frame)

Thank you all so much, it was a blast- despite all the bumps in the road. <3 🐑

# Sunken Treasure: Weekly Movie Watches

by Jordan Hughes

Quick Intro: Hi I'm Jordan and I really like watching movies. I also really love talking about movies I've watched so I decided to write a little write up on some notable movies I've watched; some good, some not so good. Regardless I thought it would be fun to just share about some movies I've seen and who knows maybe you can find a movie you might enjoy out of this. Enjoy.

## **Some Movie Watches over the Week**

### **"All About Nina" dir. Eva Vives (2018)**

All About Nina is a dramedy film about a young comedian, Nina (portrayed by Mary Elizabeth Winstead), who is forced to confront her own trauma after her comedy career and love life become significantly more successful (this is kind of a shitty summary of the plot, but I promise it's better than how I wrote it). This movie is a tough one to sit through, but I definitely believe it is worth at least one watch. I thought the story of Nina was genuinely compelling and interesting and it feels like a perfect balance of dark comedy and actual serious topics, with an absolutely phenomenal performance by Winstead. The movie definitely contains that stand-up style of comedy (you know, sex jokes, general raunchiness) but it still finds a way to create a serious atmosphere, and good lord can it get really fucking sad. If you can't handle topics of abuse, sexual assault, or child abuse, maybe give this one a skip or at least proceed with caution when watching it. However, if you can handle those things, I do strongly recommend at least giving it a watch once.

Rating: ★★★★★☆ (4/5 stars)

### **"Possession" dir. Andrzej Żuławski (1981)**

Possession is an... interesting horror movie about a husband (portrayed by Sam Neill) and wife (portrayed by Isabelle Adjani) who split after the wife asks for a divorce, her behavior becomes more and more erratic and strange as the film continues and the husband is determined to know why. This movie is pure insanity in the most beautiful way possible. It's like watching a car crash that you can't look away from, everything is chaos, but it's shot and performed amazingly well. Adjani delivers a very surreal and horrifying performance in particular, every scene she's in is just so bizarre and captivating. I do feel like the movie itself drags a bit and doesn't really get anywhere, but I still feel like the film is worth a watch even if it's just to experience how batshit crazy it can get. Again, worth at least one watch although maybe you'll understand more of it if you rewatch it, who knows!

Rating: ★★★ (1/2) ☆ (3 1/2 /5 stars) 🐑

# The Lost Sebastian Michaelis x Pringles Fanfic

by BC Reale

In my life I have read an obscene amount of the art form that we so lovingly call fanfiction. In that time, I have read so much fluff that I'm sure my teeth have rotted due to the sweetness. I've fallen into many depressive episodes due to the angst, and of course, not even I have been dissuaded from the temptation of smut (formerly given the citrusy nickname of lemons).

Whilst we're on the subject of smut, I must say that I've never truly read anything more horrifying than when I was pursuing the msut works on Wattpad or AO3. There's something truly diabolical that is brought out within an author when it comes to the taboo nature of smut that urges them to write some of the most vile content you've ever seen. And I urge you, as the reader, to think about this. Have you ever read a fluff fic about the relationship between a sentient violin and its case? Or one about the slightly romantic nature of Spongebob and Patrick's relationship. Because I haven't. It's always the context of sex in which these more risque pairings are brought in. (However, if you do ever find a ridiculous fluff fic, please do tell me.)

But why do I speak of this? What is the point in my ramblings on the nature of the genre of smut within fanfiction? Well... let me set the scene for you.

It's ten o'clock at night. You, a young fifth grader, just finished reading a human Monokuma x reader fanfic on Quora and are now scrolling along Wattpad to find something that'll fill the void. The slightly too vibrant orange and white of the app is probably burning away at your retinas but you don't seem to notice or care. As you are scrolling along the Black Butler category on the app, you see it. A Sebastian Michaelis x Pringles Can fanfic. Not only does the title intrigue you, but next to it you see the striking tag in parenthesis: (LEMON).

As you see this you think, 'God that sounds awful.' And immediately click on the story.

The story starts with the demon butler himself. Sebastian Michaelis. He is exhausted from a long day of work and he enters the kitchen to prepare dinner for Ciel. And then... there it is. A feminine and sultry voice calls to him from the countertop and there it is. A sentient can of Pringles. The can seduces Sebastian with that seductive red label of hers. THAT snowy pale face, and of course that dashing bowtie is what led to Sebastian finally putting his member into the can. (What makes this even worse is that I don't remember if the can was filled with pringles or not. This could've been some very crunchy and rough sex in the most literal sense).

Sadly, my memory of the fic ends there. But I do have some other odd memories of it. Like how the can and the demon seemed to have some sort of odd relationship and that this sexual rendezvous was certainly not their first. Which is why I ask anyone to help me find this fanfic. For I wish to relive this masterpiece of a fanfic. Please email me at [car22@hampshire.edu](mailto:car22@hampshire.edu) if you find any evidence of this fanfic on any site. 🐼



# Submission

by Alex Robinson

HELLO students. Fellow student here.

As you may have seen on the Student Daily Digest and the sign outside the library (WAIT I PROMISE THIS ISN'T AN AD PLEASE), the college is looking for a certified lifeguard to take a work-study position at the pool.

I am begging on my hands and knees everyone: If you are a certified lifeguard, would you pleeeeeeeeeeease apply? Pleaseeeeeeeeeee... ..

You may be thinking, "Alex, what the fuck. This is a little silly of you to ask people to apply for a job when you aren't even a recruiter." Yes, this may be true. You are right. But! Wow, doesn't that pool look so nice? Have you ever walked past the RCC on a hot day and looked through the windows and thought, "Wow, I would really love to go swimming. I wish it was open." Well, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I THOUGHT EVERY DAY OF LAST YEAR!

For those of you who are new to Hampshire, the pool never open last school year because nobody applied to be a lifeguard. We finally had three days at the end of the year, which were GLORIOUS!!!! But if someone could please apply to be a lifeguard you would be doing us all a favor AND you also get paid ngl  
fr fr

Okay that was my plea. Thanks

I'm so sorry  
just ignore me  
again sorry if I bug you tomorrow

NATHAN

I'm sorry

NATHAN

fuck I'm sorry for bugging you

NATHAN

sorry

NATHAN

I'm so sorry for bugging you



## Omen submission

by Graham Frechette

9/14

Each dance is communicative  
Wake up the body  
In a different style and rhythm  
Tap and brush and squeeze  
I do want to know this connection  
Where the up and down came from  
And what it means to bend and circle

To hold space requires letting it all go  
After  
Drain down through the body through the toe  
valves  
And the star portals vacuum the inner space out

How do I just be with myself?  
Through each breath and revolution?

Bungee back to the glowing yellow core  
Mercury trapes with intentional flitting in and  
out of anti-linear space and criss crossed liminal  
edge places

I go home and shake like a deer  
Wake up the body  
Put breath into the laboratory  
And move

And move  
And move  
And move  
And move  
And move

## The Moon is Made of Cheese

by Malfoy Kimmel

I see it through my window,  
the silver shape of nourishment.  
At an angle it grins down  
upon the circuitous paths we take  
day by day, blind and tired--  
can you see it?

Two thousand miles away  
on a sea of ghostlike barley  
desert seeps into your shoes  
spirits run along the lines of your hands  
coast, unnecessarily  
onto the freckles of mine.

I see you through my window,  
or, at least, your imitation  
curls threading darkly through the apple tree.  
I had no time to hold you.  
I fear the blush that fuels the beast  
coming down from the sky--

it rears its head, the thing named love.  
It stinks because the moon  
is made of cheese; mold in its hooves  
sprouts and spores along the carpet.  
Nosing and nickering in the gap between us  
carving a valley

undisturbed by the exhaustion in its ribs  
the wickedness of its tongue. 🐑

- g.f. 2022/5782 🐑

# SECTION LIES

## Self-Insert Batman Fanfiction that Everyone Needs to Read, Thanks :)

by Maxwell Gamboa

AN: If you read this thanks for checking out my fanfic! I wrote myself as hot, because I am hot, ttyl xoxo  
- Max

“Well Mister Wayne, I’d say that you need to start noticing the fine details” he spoke, hands cupping a wine glass.

“What if there’s a bigger picture?”

Turning to look back at the billionaire, the man shook his head, stepping forward.

His hands were slender, cuticles red from being trimmed to perfection. Reminding Bruce of a cat from ages ago.

“That may be true, but when the details start to slip past you-” said hands came to wrap around his silk tie, fixing the loose knot. “-the bigger picture gets lost entirely” a small pat on his chest shifted Bruce more than it should have.

“Have a great evening Wayne, take a moment to really look at the paintings this time.”

A raised glass signaled the other’s exit, Bruce finding himself alone. Unless you counted the portrait facing him.

Simple charity art auction, that’s what Alfred told him when he was rushed out of the door. Keys slipped into his palm without a second thought.

‘Gotham needs Bruce Wayne’ were words that often left Alfred’s lips, and Bruce had learned to promptly ignore.

Bruce Wayne appeared at the art auction. Car sleek as his hair, though he toned down on the hair gel this time, with his suit steamed to perfection.

The days where there’d be a supermodel, or several, at his hip were long in his past. When he really tried to show the world how happy he was.

Now he didn’t try to hide that he wasn’t.

The usual socialites and politicians greeted him first, flocking over and exchanging conversation, revealing less about themselves in hope that he’d reveal more. Bruce was surely sorry to disappoint.

Those who hated his presence, or actually cared about the art, stayed in the outskirts. Except for one person.

Not that Bruce was watching, but they carried themselves similar to the portraits surrounding them, practicing grace. Something Wayne himself was too familiar with.

Long hair hid the silhouette, framing a curtain around the mysterious figure who seemed to already have Bruce wrapped around them.



“Excuse me, I need a good drink or two before I drop a mortgage on one of these pieces” Bruce clears his throat, letting the bubbly laughter of others signal his exit.

Grabbing a glass of champagne from the tower, Bruce walked over to the portrait, and it’s alluring viewer.

“Thinking of purchasing this piece?” He started.

“Do you know how hard it is to find anything but alcohol at these places? I’m sure I could write a paper on it, I might actually...” They responded.

Well, Bruce wasn’t expecting that, his brain rushed to try and take hold of the situation again, so he allowed his lips to say the first thing; “what?”

“What?” The stranger repeated, turning to face him, confusion etched across their features. “Oh.. Bruce Wayne, said organizer of this event”

“I’m organizing this event?”

“That’s what it says on the posters” they responded, swirling the water in their wine glass. “Maxwell Ann, if you were wondering. He/Him and Ze/Zym.”

“It’s a good thing I was, just He/Him.” Bruce injected, hand going to take the other’s, pressing his lips against their knuckle.

Diana told him to try it the next time someone caught his attention, or if he needed to put on appearances, she often read him clearly.

Which Bruce would find annoying, but not at this moment. Maxwell looked taken aback, their eyes telling a story Bruce had yet to recover.

“Alfred teach you to do that?” Ze spoke, Bruce could hear the breath leave their lips with each word.

“And if he did?”

“I’d say that he hasn’t changed since his training days; don’t miss those early morning chivalry lessons” ze shuddered, fondness greeting his lips to quirk into a smile.

One that Bruce struggled to reciprocate, but he felt the strong desire to. If he could spare more energy than he’d already drained.

Maxwell removed his hand from Bruce’s, returning to zyr wine glass. “This portrait depicts a murder.”

Bruce found himself repeating a string of letters he’d already used; “What?”

“Painted during Gotham’s dark period, this piece depicts the dismantling of class, the woman in the portrait too enamored with the actual portrait being done to notice the figures in her many /many/ mirrors, bringing the end of the Gotham Kingship Era...quite an informative paragraph really. I should know, I edited it” Maxwell hummed, bringing the glass to zyr lips.

“A bold piece to show to Gotham’s most elite”

“Which is why I had a friend purchase it, showcasing it here for all eyes to see. Especially yours Wayne, though I’m sure you’ve had enough reprimands to last a century”

“Enlighten me”

That is where he found himself being educated on the fine details, getting his tie fixed and being left with more curiosity than he should have.

Bruce Wayne left the gala promptly after, deciding to take the long route home. Wind reshaping

his hair, his engine rumbling into the night.

“Master Bruce, no guest, a sight I’ve become far too used to seeing” Alfred mused, opening the driver’s door, palming the keys while fetching Bruce’s coat.

Rather than engaging in their usual routine of banter, Bruce let the question escape his lips.

“Who is Maxwell Ann?”

Alfred going stiff was a rare occurrence, his eyes sharpening, slamming the car door closed. “No one you should be concerned with” was all his mentor could muster before peeling off into Wayne’s personal garage.

Bruce found himself with more questions than he started. And a sour Alfred.

“I’m Maxwell Ann, face of the Arkham Movement, and I stand here to represent the revolution of mental health care in Gotham” a static voice broke through the TV, Maxwell standing in front of a crowd of supporters, waving bashfully to the cameras.

“Still think zyr not a concern?” Bruce mused to Alfred, who simply slammed his lunch platter onto the coffee table and walked away.

The painting was reported as stolen only hours later, a familiar cat trail starting to show itself.

Selena had left Gotham years ago. She made sure to inform Bruce she’d never return.

The catsuited figure greeting Batman in the moonlight said otherwise. They were humming to themselves, gloved-nails intricately picking a safe.

“Very old fashioned of you Selena, most people do cyber crimes now”

Familiar eyes greeted him, but not Selena’s. “My cousin said she wasn’t coming back, I couldn’t resist trying out the costume just once” ze cooed, taking off the mask. “See? Not that scary big guy” he mused, placing a hand on his hip.

Maxwell Ann.

“I can see why she picked this outfit, it certainly is flattering and comfortable, seems to attract more bats than it should”

“Enough games, I’m sure Gotham’s citizens would be heartbroken to see the face of the movement being a petty cat thief”

“As I’m sure they’d be just as heartbroken to see a billionaire scampering around pretending to be a hero”

Batman didn’t register slamming the other against the wall, it was until he felt the heat of the other’s breath tickle his nose.

“Oh? That touch a nerve?” Ze wheezed, craning their head back. “You give that mask too much power, your big secret is eating you alive” Maxwell huffed, claws pawing at Batman’s mask, gasping when his wrist was grabbed.

“And you’re being too playful, what’s your game? Dr. Crane should inform you, mental tricks don’t work on me”

“Bruce-” was all Maxwell could say before his shoulders were slammed against the wall once more. “I’ll use Batman if you stop doing that” ze groaned, wrapping their claws around Bruce’s wrist, looking up at the masked hero.

“I’m not a villain, look around, this is an abandoned home. Sure this room looks lovely, but it’s all theatrical babes” Maxwell huffed out. “This was to get you out, and it worked”

“What are you saying? I recluse myself in a cave? Your presence won’t keep me away from doing what’s right”

“Very funny, what I’m saying is, you’re growing a pattern. A human pattern, I can’t be the only one picking up on it, this was a warning Bru-Batman. Take a vacation, do something to peel away from the shadows, it’ll eat you alive if you don’t”

“Who are you to tell me this? You are a stranger, a nobody, even if you know who I am. You have no power over me.” Batman snarled in a tone that shook his own core, pressing the cool of his helmet’s forehead against Maxwell’s.

“I’ll continue being a nobody, your interest in me is over now that you know my dirty secret, or do you?” Maxwell hummed, tilting his head to the side. “All you know, is that I hold your identity, I’m an activist, and I like water. It seems like you have more research to do Wayne”

Batman dropped Maxwell on the ground once he stopped talking, starting to walk away. Stopping when he reached the window, Batman looked back, but Bruce spoke. “I wish it was Selena over you.”

The words signaled his exit, Batman leaping out of the window and into the night sky of Gotham.

“I told you he wasn’t of any concern Master Wayne, I implore you to stop looking-”

“For who’s relief? Mine or yours?” Bruce snapped, the blue light of the monitors decorating his face in a familiar loneliness.

Until those honeyed eyes greeted him once more.

“Maxwell Ann, resident of Gotham for twenty-one years, currently residing in the Northside of Gotham. As I said, no one you should be interested in”

“Ze seemed to know plenty about you Alfred. Whatever you’re hiding, it won’t stop me from learning more about zym.”

“That’s precisely what I’m worried about sir. Now, I have to reheat your cup of tea, it’s gone cold.”

Bruce didn’t know if he should approach Maxwell as himself or as the Batman. So he chose Bruce.

“Arkham rehabilitation, I’m sorry but at the moment I can’t take any more meetings- Bruce Wayne? My, what an honor” he sighed, crossing zyr arms.

Bruce hated the fact that the other’s voice sparked something in him, stronger than an enemy’s punch.

“No more chivalry practice on me? Come on, I know you’re sick of that cat and mouse game, where we both pretend that we don’t know who the other really is” Maxwell huffed, turning zyr back on him to cycle through strewn papers on the front desk.

“I don’t know who you really are, that’s the problem. Besides the fact you love to assume you know everything about me.”

“But you do Wayne, I’m the face of a movement that’s tearing Arkham asylum to the ground, I’m older than you by...three years, my birthday is in a week thanks for asking, and I used to be Alfred’s protogee.”

That’s what Alfred kept hidden for so long? Furrowing his eyebrows Bruce stepped forward. “Thats not enough.”

“Fine you caught me, I love eating chips in bed, I can’t help it!” Maxwell threw a hand in the air, zyr other hand flipping through files. Hand stopping, ze placed their palms on the desk looking back at Bruce. “I don’t know what you want, why you want to know every little thing about me, but I have a hunch its not becuse I know your secret”

“What if it is?”

“Then you wouldn’t have showed up as Bruce, because that’s only rubbing it in for yourself” ze sighed. “You want me to be a villain, someone to dismantle, but I can’t be that for you Bruce. I’m not Selena, and I am certainly not active enough to be the next cat thief”

“Why bother me then? The art gallery, Selena’s suit, even now. You won’t leave my mind.” Bruce confessed; implying that Maxwell forcefully crawled zymself into his brain.

It then dawned on Bruce that those words could imply something entirely different, Maxwell’s face growing flushed told him that ze came to the same realization.

“It doesn’t seem that I can control that Wayne, though it is flattering that I compete next to the Catwoman and supermodels” zyr composure was regained in an instant, lips quirked into a smile. “Was that all you came here to tell me?”

“That’s not what I meant—you—” Bruce sputtered out, eyebrows drawing in frustration, lips curling into a snarl.

“I have a meeting to go to, nice seeing you, next time? Take me out for lunch.”

“You’ve never had street food? Then what are we doing here?! I can’t even tell what half of these dishes are, and I’m sure you can’t either!”

Sighing, Bruce placed the menu down onto the lace-covered table. “This restaurant has a two year waiting list, and I’ve never been here myself” he explained, looking back at Maxwell.

Alfred urged him not to continue with Maxwell, but here he was, taking zym to a fine lunch during a beautiful Gotham afternoon. While driving to the restaurant Bruce found his car filled with Maxwell’s rambles rather than the usual silence.

Bruce was lost in thought, giving Maxwell the opportunity to stand up from the table and start walking. Ze didn’t look back.

Ze didn’t need to; Bruce was behind Maxwell in an instant. Holding his priceless coat as the other rushed out of the restaurant.

“Come on! It’s a bit of a walk!” Maxwell cheered.

Maxwell embraced the nature of Gotham with such ease, taking the time to wave to each pigeon that passed them by, pointing on stray and leashed dogs alike; Bruce found himself captivated by such energy.

Maxwell loved Gotham in a way that Bruce couldn’t, he didn’t know how.

Gotham Goodies. Bruce had heard of them before, a small food truck chain who goes throughout the city providing meals of all sorts to customers. Bruce spared the truck a second glance when he’d drive through the city, but never thought of purchasing.

All of his meals were always prepared for him, quite literally served on a silver platter. Those who envied him made inferences about the billionaire, many of them were true.

“Gotham Gyro?”

A fried delicacy was shoved into his eyesight before he could register, his instinct to place a hand onto the object. The heat and texture made him yank his hand back, palm now decorated in grease and sauce.

“Oh geez! Didn’t mean to startle you! Come on, let’s go before we hold up the line!” Maxwell laughed when he spoke, each word dancing to the music of kindness.

Maxwell wasn’t shaming Bruce or outing the culture shock, ze either didn’t notice or didn’t care enough to acknowledge it. Bruce wasn’t sure which one he wanted.

Linking their arms together, Maxwell tugged at Bruce to start moving, so he did. He followed



Maxwell; watching the other go into zyr pattern of greeting Gotham.

Bruce was sitting on grass, the grass of a public park. He was dodging more fried delicacies that Maxwell tried to pry into his mouth.

“Come on! You can’t tell me that you wouldn’t want to try something called Gotham Gobblers!” Maxwell giggled, crawling forward to get closer.

Their legs were close, thighs touching each other, Bruce holding Maxwell’s wrist to prevent a ‘Gotham Gobbler’ from entering his lips.

The absurdity of the situation stirred something in Bruce, he began to laugh. His body started to tremble, muscles reworking how exactly to laugh.

Maxwell, for the first time since their lunch outing, quieted down. Bruce didn’t realize until he opened his crinkled eyes, looking into zyr eyes.

“You have a nice laugh” ze spoke, popping the fried ball into zyr own mouth, chewing with a smile.

Bruce followed his instinct, rifling through the paper bag next to him, and popping a similar ball into his mouth, slowly chewing.

Fried food was a rarity, Bruce could count on his fingers the amount of times he had it. The burst of flavors greeted his tongue, relaxing his shoulders.

A smile danced on his lips as he continued to chew. Their eyes met once again, and they started to laugh together. Cheeks full of fried food, they laughed.

“Master Wayne, you have several meetings with the board, I have been calling your mobile device for the past hour and a half, surely lunch doesn’t take that long” Alfred’s voice greeted Bruce with it’s usual lecturing. Something Bruce was getting used to when hanging out with Maxwell.

“Alfred, you have implored me to start seeing someone, friendship or not, Maxwell has provided an ease that I am unsure of. These feelings, I have no idea what they are or why ze is the cause of them, but for once I feel something Alfred” Bruce fought back, his foot pressing down on the gas.

It took Alfred a moment to respond, the silence increasing Bruce’s anxiety, his grip tightening on the steering wheel.

“When you come home, I will tell you everything.”

“Maxwell Ann was going to be my replacement.” Alfred spoke upfront, stirring his tea in repetitive motions. “I was tired of patching you up every night, wondering if..if the next night I would have to bury you. I promised your parents that I would take care of you, but what am I to do when you can’t take care of yourself? You are not a legend, you are a human Bruce” Alfred choked out, placing his teacup down on the table.

“I had my resignation letter all typed on, on a fine handmade paper, but I knew I needed someone to take over my position. Leaving you alone was never an option, so I reached out to my daughter-”

“Your daughter? Alfred, I have never heard-”

“Because you didn’t need to, what had happened in my past before I came to tend to the Wayne family is my history, not yours. My daughter, she works in London as a private agent. She knew connections that I had lost once I moved overseas.”

Leaning back into the cool of his leather chair, Bruce began to rub the armrest. Alfred had revealed so much, Bruce didn’t know if he wanted to stop. Alfred had left so much, hidden so many things, to keep the title of being the Wayne’s caretaker.

“Maxwell Ann was a penpal of hers, ze didn’t have any service experience, *definitely* did not have any fighting experience, as he was a recent graduate of a highschool in the innercity. I was desperate to

keep my daughter, I wasn't thinkihn straight—I flew Maxwell to Gotham and trained him—”

“I taught him etiquette, how to make your tea just perfectly. Stitching wounds, firearm training, he was better at patching up than combat...” Alfred chuckled, bringing the china up to his lips, taking a moment.

“I had trained Maxwell for three years, I had tried to cover all of my tracks..but I was sloppy. I implored Maxwell to try and go undercover for us at Arkham Asylum, a first mission of sorts, to prove that I could leave you in zyr care...” Alfred’s hand shook as he placed the teacup down on the table. “Scarecrow targeted him, he confronted me..and I brushed it off. Said that Maxwell had no involvement.. and then, Scarecrow worked with his connections as Dr. Crane to have Maxwell placed in intensive care alongside the other villains of Gotham...and I did nothing, I let zym stay there, because I was scared to admit to you what had happened, what I was planning to do.”

Bruce, despite having beaten many of Arkham’s prime patients in their schemes, had rarely stepped foot in the institution. The stained white tile matched with the blaring lights made it a nightmare to breathe in, he couldn’t imagine living there. He had the privilege not to.

“How..how did he manage to get out?” Bruce was able to speak, mouth parched from taking in so much information, his hand coming to rub his lips dry.

“Selena Kyle. It was her final action before leaving Gotham for good. She sent a strongly worded letter of all things, addressed to me of course. I...I wallowed in my shame. Shame of thinking to leave you behind, to use Maxwell as some pawn rather than a human, I hope you can forgive me Master—”

“Don’t call me that!” Bruce snapped, standing on his feet, arms wrapping around himself. “This all happened because of me, my legacy of money that seeps into everything! You had a life Alfred, but you chose to leave that because of this damn lineage” he snarled, fingers digging into the expensive silk of his suit.

“Mas-Bruce, do not speak of your parents’ hard work like that, I cannot allow you to speak ill—” “It’s the truth Alfred! I started to become Batman because of guilt! I’m thirty-six now, what legacy do I have?”

“Gotham is your legacy—”

“Gotham is fine on its own!” Bruce snarled, hands coming to his hair, shaking and pulling at the delicately-styled black curls. “I—I don’t know what to do” he hiccuped, slowly trembling onto his knees, the intricately-patterned rug staring back at him.

Bruce Wayne went to bed that night with a heaviness draped over him, his eyes burning when they finally closed.

The morning greeted him with fog, Bruce staring out into the depths of grey. He didn’t know who he was; how many masks he was really taking off every night. The years he lied to himself, to the world.

He and Alfred hadn’t spoken since the night before. Neither were good at expressing themselves, Bruce was still reeling from the dissection of everything.

He found himself in his car before the thought fully registered, first pounding on Maxwell’s door before he could think every action out, tears pouring before he could put his mask back on.

Maxwell’s arms greeted him in an embrace, hands going to press against his back and rotate around in soothing motions.

“Let it all out” Maxwell whispered into his ear.

So he did. Bruce howled into the other’s shoulder, fingers curling up like daddy long legs into the fabric of Maxwell’s sweater, nose burrowed into the warmth of zyr bare shoulder.

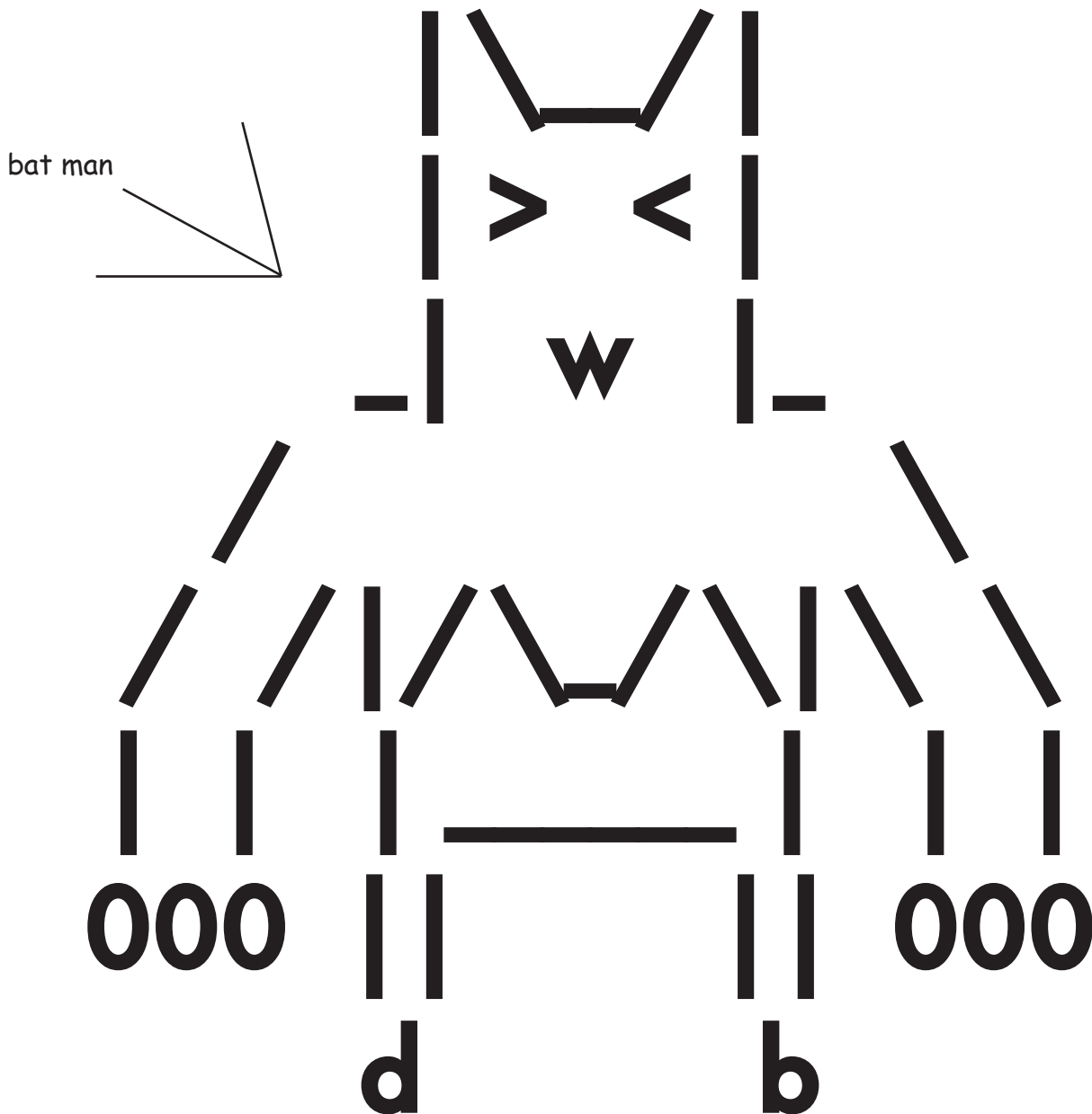
Bruce didn’t know how long time had passed, his sobs slowing down into drawn out moans, breathing slowed back down.

“Thank you, I should be-”

“No need to thank me, you needed this, and no one needs thanks for one’s healing. You should be nothing but Bruce Wayne right now” Maxwell replied, cupping Bruce’s cheeks, thumb rubbing the boneyess edges formed from a decade of fistfights. “I should ask for consent if I touch you any more, I apologize for me indulging myself”

“Aren’t you the one always telling others not to apologize?” Bruce found himself smiling and pressing his forehead against Maxwell’s. “I’m also fighting indulging myself, been fighting it for years, with everything. I don’t want it to stop me with you, may I kiss you?”

“Yes” Maxwell huffed, smile curving his lips, wrapping his arms around Bruce as their lips pressed together, soft met chapped, cold met warm, and both of them broke out into quiet laughter. 🐑



by Jay Poggi (assisted/bullied by Nicholas Utakis-Smith) 🐑

# *Section Hate*

## HORSE MASTER

by Ethan Ludwin-Peery

DEAR OMEN

I SUBMIT

A F\*\*\*ING AD FOR HORSE MASTER

THE GAME OF HORSE MASTERY

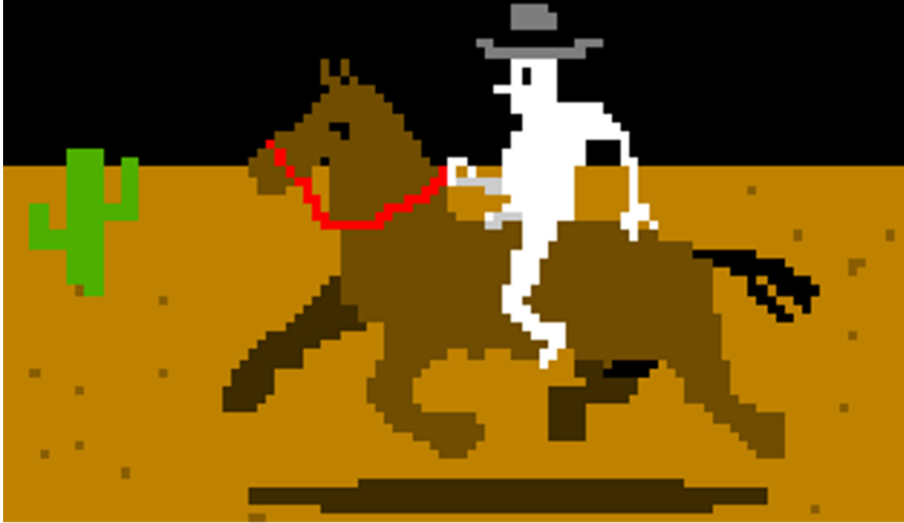
THE PEOPLE NEED TO KNOW

“HORSE MASTER, WHILE STRONGER THAN ITS  
PREVIOUS ITERATION, NOT PLAYING HORSE MASTER,  
IS NOT AS GOOD AS ITS NEXT INSTALLMENT, NOT  
PLAYING HORSE MASTER ANYMORE”



# HORSE MASTER

The Game of Horse Mastery



## HORSE MASTER THE GAME OF HORSE MASTERY

**A GAME OF MARVELLOUS,  
TERRIFYING WRITING**

- Alec Meer, *RockPaperShotgun.com*

**VIVID, ENGROSSING AND OFTEN  
WONDERFULLY-SICKENING**

- Leigh Alexander, *Offworld.com*

**THE GAME WAS SAD AND  
GROTESQUE, BUT IT WAS  
BEAUTIFUL TOO**

- Daniel Joseph, *Motherboard*



## PLAY AT

[tommchenry.itch.io/horse-master](https://tommchenry.itch.io/horse-master)



**THEN READ JOHN CAMPBELL'S CLASSIC REVIEW AT**

<https://web.archive.org/web/20131231214302/http://michaelkeaton.net/horsemasterreview/>



# fandom wiki articles out of context pt. 2

by Nicholas Utakis-Smith

- 4. Catchphrases
- 5. The Meaty Dimension
- 6. Appearances
  - 6.1. TV Show
  - 6.2. Comics
- 7. Gallery
- 8. Trivia



To start the Grandmapocalypse, you must have at least seven [Grandma types](#), and at least six [grandmas](#). You will then have access to the [Bingo center/Research facility](#). This will allow you different research/upgrades

Lore

Order: Assorted Saturnian Bison Steak, 10lbs  
Tracking Number: 31\*\*\*\*\*  
Estimated Delivery: 11/02/2056  
Shipping Method: Standard  
Shipping Address: Sloppy Joe's Deli and Catering, Manhattan, New York  
Shipping Details:

## Watch that killed Hitler

 This article is about a character or concept that lacks a name, but has an official term or designation.  
For more information, see [Help:Nameless](#).

The watch that killed Hitler is a *Transformer* of unknown allegiance from *The Last Knight* portion of the *live-action film series continuity family*.  
The watch that killed Hitler excels in using its ornate disguise to get close to unsuspecting targets of interest, then deploying its lethal *robot mode* when its victims least expect it. Little is known about its previous (and surely storied) exploits, but the *Order of the Witwiccans* used it on one memorable occasion to eliminate a certain Adolf Hitler.

<sup>64</sup> Don't screw with it <sup>59</sup>  
—Edmund Burton's advice, *The Last Knight*


## Fiction

### The Last Knight film

In the 21st century, Edmund Burton kept the watch safely behind a glass display case in his castle. When he broke into [10 Downing St.](#) to arrange a meeting with the [Prime Minister](#), he brought the watch with him to provide backup, and used it to intimidate several security agents into leaving. [The Last Knight](#)



• The word "Pipis" resembles "Bepis," a misspelling of "Pepsi," which was used by [Toby Fox](#) for multiple error messages inside [Undertale](#), as well as written at the bottom of [Deltarune](#)'s system requirements on the Steam Store page. It is also likely to be a reference to the "Pipis room" meme, made popular by Griffin McElroy.


Poops spawned by The Poop may give  **Petrified Poop**, which gives better odds at future poop drops.

"Number One" is a euphemism for urination and mirrors "Number Two" being an euphemism for defecation.

## History

Donald Trump joined the radical scientific group [A.I.M.](#) and became M.O.D.A.A.K., the Mental Organism Designed As America's King.

At some point A.I.M. began to forcibly conscript people to assist them in building a wall along the border between [Texas](#) and [Mexico](#), including an unnamed man from Waco; however, their operation was shut down by [Captain America](#).<sup>[1]</sup>



Cosmic Prison

Stage      Hidden Realm

Soundtrack [A Glacier Eventually Farts \(And Don't You Listen to the Song of Life\)](#)

Twink

[VIEW SOURCE](#)

**Twink** is a Star Kid in [Paper Mario](#), who helps [Princess Peach](#) in her time of need when she gets kidnapped by [King Bowser](#). He frequently gives Mario and his partners information on where the next [Star Spirit](#) is being held, and where the team should go next.

When Peach was first captured, she wished for help, and Twink arrived. Since he's so young, he wasn't able

Character Info	
A.K.A.	None
Game(s)	<a href="#">PAPER MARIO</a>
Location(s)	Peach's Castle
Species	Star
Tattle	N/A



Starscream, Decepticon memelord.

Many explanations have been given to explain the event, which was caused by the juxtaposition of many unrelated events:

- A meteor fell over the region.<sup>[1]</sup>
- The representative of the alien race who was later referred to as the [Shambler](#) tried to visit the Earth and crash landed in Siberia, causing a massive explosion.<sup>[2]</sup>
- The event was also related to a group of mystics, the Dry Academy and their plan to maintain a "world illusion". The Dry Academy is actually based in Tunguska.<sup>[3]</sup>
- [Nikola Tesla](#) was experimenting with ionizing the Earth's atmosphere and realized that his "scalar technology" could produce giant bolts of lightning around the globe. A test run for his new weapon was responsible for the Tunguska Event.<sup>[4]</sup>
- The [Deathwalkers](#) gathered to perform a ritual using the Talisman of Kamar-Taj. They planned to use a spell to end humanity by creating [The Bear](#). The spell failed creating an explosion so powerful that it



